Ile ſtand to day for thee and me and Troy.
Troyl. Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a Lion then a man.
Hector. What vice is that ? good *Troylus* chide mee for it.
Troyl. When many times the captiue Grecian falls,
Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire ſword.
You bid them riſe and liue.
Hect. O tis faire play.
Troyl. Fooles play by heauen *Hector.*
Hect. How now ? how now?
Troyl. For th'loue of all the gods
Lets leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Mother,
And when we haue our armors buckled on,
The venomd vengeance ride vpon our ſwords,
Spur them to ruthfull worke, raine them from ruth.
Hect. Fie ſauage, fie.
Troy. *Hector* then 'tis warres.
Hect. *Troylus* I would not haue you fight to day.
Troyl. Who ſhould with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,
Beckning with fierie trunchion my retire,
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,
Their eyes ore-galled with recourſe of teares,
Nor you my brother, with your true ſword drawne,
Oppoſd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way,

Enter Priam and Caſſandra.

Caſſ. Lay hold vpon him, *Priam* hold him faſt;
He is thy crutch: now if thou looſe thy ſtay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.
Priam. Come *Hector*, come, go back,
Thy wife hath dreamt, thy mother hath had viſions,
Caſſandra doth foreſee, and I my ſelfe,
Am like a prophet ſuddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:

There-

Therefore come back.
Hec. *Æneas* is a field,
And I do ſtand, engagd to many Greekes,
Euen in the faith of valour to appeare,
This morning to them.
Priam I but thou ſhalt not goe.
Hec. I muſt not breake my faith,
You know me dutifull therefore deere ſir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect, but giue me leaue
To take that courſe by your conſent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me royall *Priam.*
Caſſ. O *Priam* yeeld not to him.
And. Do not deere father.
Hec. *Andromache* I am offended with you,
Vpon the loue you beare me get you in. *Exit Andr*
Troy. This fooliſh dreaming ſuperſtitious girle,
Makes all theſe bodements.
Caſ. O farewell deere *Hector.*
Looke how thou dy'eſt looke how thy eye turnes pale,
Looke how thy wounds do bleed at many vents,
Harke how Troy roares, how *Hecuba* cries out,
How poore *Andromache* ſhrils her dolours foorth,
Behold deſtruction, frenzie, and amazement,
Like witleſſe antiques one another meete,
And all crie *Hector*, *Hectors* dead, O *Hector.*
Troyl. Away, away.
Caſ. Farewell, yet ſoft: *Hector* I take my leaue,
Thou do'ſt thy ſelfe and all our Troy deceaue?
Hec. You are amaz'd my liege, at her exclaime,
Goe in and cheere the towne,
Weele forth and fight,
Do deeds worth praiſe, and tell you them at night.
Priam. Farewell, the gods with ſafetie ſtand about
Alarum
Troyl. They are at it harke, proud *Diomed* beleeue.
I come to looſe my arme, or winne my fleeue.
Enter Pandar.